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ASTROPHEL AND STELLA



O LIGHT of the land that adored thee
And kindled thy soul with her breath,
Whose life, such as fate would afford thee,
Was lovelier than aught but thy death,
By what name, could thy lovers but know it,
Might love of thee hail thee afar,
Phisides, Astropbel, poet
Whose love was thy star ?

A star in the moondawn of Maytime,
A star in the cloudland of change ;
Too splendid and sad for the daytime
To cheer or eclipse or estrange ;
Too sweet for tradition or vision
To see but through shadows of tears
Rise deathless across the division
Of measureless years.

The sunset that sunrise will follow
Is less than the dream of a dream :
The starshine on height and on hollow
Sheds promise that dawn shall redeem :
The night, if the daytime would hide it,
Shows lovelier, aflame and afar,
Thy soul and thy Stella's beside it,
A star by a star.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA
BY
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY



Portland, Maine
THOMAS B. MOSHER
Mdcccxcv

*This First Edition
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PREFACE

I

“ON the morning of Thursday, September 22, 1586, a body of two hundred English horsemen, with Sir Philip Sidney at their head, advanced, in the midst of a thick mist, to attack a Spanish convoy on its way to the town of Zutphen. . . . Twice the English charged; . . . reinforced, a third time they hurled themselves against the Spanish troops, once more to be forced to retire. Amongst the wounded in this last charge was Sidney. . . . By an effort the wounded man . . . rode back to the camp, —from whence he was borne to Arnhem, and here he lingered twenty-six days.

“During these days his thoughts were set almost wholly on religion. To the exhortations of the divine ‘he answered, in words expressive of his unfeigned repentance, and of his firm resolution not to live as he had done; for, he said, he had walked in a vague course.’

“To look forward to the poet’s death-bed in introducing a volume of passionate love-sonnets, may seem, at first sight, infelicitous,

but it is submitted that in Sidney's case it is not so. Of no man was it ever more true that his death was but the epitome of his life.

"These songs and sonnets were written by the same Sidney who, in his deep religious feeling, and the sweet gravity of his demeanour, is typical in so many ways of the earlier and yet unnarrowed spirit of Puritanism. If this be remembered, then, they have a psychological interest only surpassed by that still greater series written by the Author of Hamlet and King Lear."¹

II

Thus far we have quoted Mr. Pollard's *précis*, upon whose edition our reprint of *Astrophel and Stella* is confessedly based. A few words would here seem necessary as

¹ See Introduction to *Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella, wherein the excellence of sweet Poesy is concluded. Edited from the Folio of mdcxviii by Alfred W. Pollard, London, mdccclxxxviii*, (Fcap 8vo, pp. xl: 234.) For those who care to read the sonnets and songs in modern dress as regards spelling, *An English Garner*, edited by Edwin Arber, (London, 1897) should be consulted, (vol. 1, pp. 467-579). The opinion that the sonnets were "composed, if not wholly, yet in by far the greater part after Lady Rich's marriage" is held and argued at length by J. A. Symonds in his monograph entitled *Sir Philip Sidney*, (English Men of Letters,) London, 1886.

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to the nature and extent of our departure from the order of his text. First in point of time the *Astrophel and Stella* stands second only in point of merit to the Shakespearean sequence, and whatever may be the outcome of an "autobiographic interpretation" of either series it is sufficiently evident that both must ultimately be received and read upon their poetic merit alone.¹

That "the general sequence of the Sonnets is justified by the concensus of all the manuscripts" is indisputable; on the other hand as Mr. Pollard concedes, "the position of the songs is not equally clear." To distribute these lyrics as in the Folio of 1598 is to admit a condition of things upon which Sidney's views can never be known, and

1 "As one of the chorus of English poets who were sonnet-singing their lady loves, he was well aware how great a debt they all owed to Petrarch, Ronsard, Desportes, and others, not for the sentiments only, but also for the imagery and the very phrases of their verse. Many of the poems on which the autobiographic interpretation most heavily leans, appear on closer study to have their immediate inspiration in sonnets of Petrarch or Desportes. Even the solemn and melodious sonnet which closes this collection, *Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust*, is plainly derived from Petrarch's farewell to love's dominion." See *Certaine Sonets written by Sir Philip Sidney*, The Riverside Press, [Cambridge], 1904, in a limited edition of 430 copies, (Fcap 8vo, pp. xii : 48,) pp. vi, vii.

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would result, as we believe, in a general weakening of the sequence as embodying an aesthetic whole.

However much one may admire the argument our first as well as our final consideration is not with a more or less tenable hypothesis concerning the relations of Penelope Devereux with her lover. In the deepest sense Poetry lives though all the Loves are lost! Either Sidney was a poet or he was not. Modern interest is in the poetic values or nowhere; "autobiographic" or of imagination all compact, or both fused in one, it is the song, "sans singer, and sans end," which is alone justified of men. A text, therefore, untrammelled by annotation or dissertation, is one of the surest tests which can be applied to the determining of the abiding worth of this body of verse which the world for over three centuries has known and admired as *Syr P. S. His Astrophel and Stella*.

*"So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worship 'mongst that blessed throng
Of heavenly Poets and Heroës strong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And everywhere through excellent desert."*

T. B. M.





ASTROPHEL AND STELLA



I

L O V I N G in truth, and faine in verse my love to show,
That she, deare She, might take some pleasure
of my paine, —

Pleasure might cause her reade, reading might make
her know,

Knowledge might pitie winne, and pitie grace obtaine, —
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe;
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertaine,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitfull showers upon my sunne-burn'd
braine.

But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay;
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Studie's
blowes;

And others' feete still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with childe to speak, and helplesse in my
throwes,

Biting my trewand pen, beating myselfe for spite;
Foole, said my Muse to me, looke in thy heart, and
write.

II

NOR at the first sight, nor with a dribbèd shot,
Love gave the wound, which, while I breathe,
will bleed ;

But knowne worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.

I saw, and liked ; I liked, but lovèd not ;

I loved, but straight did not what Love decreed :

At length, to Love's decrees I, forc'd, agreed,

Yet with repining at so partiall lot.

Now, even that footstep of lost libertie

Is gone ; and now, like slave-borne Muscovite,

I call it praise to suffer tyrannie ;

And now employ the remnant of my wit

To make me selfe beleieve that all is well,

While, with a feeling skill, I paint my hell.

III

LET daintie wits crie on the Sisters nine,
That, bravely maskt, their fancies may be told ;
Or, Pindare's apes, flaunt they in-phrases fine,
Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold ;
Or else let them in statelier glorie shine,
Ennobling new-found tropes with problemes old ;
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbes or beastes which Inde or Afrike hold.
For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know ;
Phrases and problemes from my reach do grow ;
And strange things cost too deare for my poore sprites :
How then ? even thus, — in Stella's face I reed
What Love and Beautie be ; then all my deed
But copying is, what in her Nature writes.

IV

VERTUE, alas, now let me take some rest ;
Thou set'st a bate betweene my will and wit ;
If vaine Love have my simple soule opprest,
Leave what thou likest not, deale not thou with it.
Thy scepter use in some olde Catoe's brest,
Churches or schooles are for thy seate more fit :
I do confesse — pardon a fault confest —
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needs thou wilt usurping be
The little reason that is left in me,
And still th' effect of thy perswasions prove,
I sweare, my heart such one shall shew to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a deitie,
That, Vertue, thou thy selfe shalt be in love.

V

IT is most true that eyes are form'd to serve
 The inward light, and that the heavenly part
 Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerve,
 Rebels to nature, strive for their owne smart.
 It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart
 An image is, which for ourselves we carve,
 And, fooles, adore in temple of our hart,
 Till that good god make church and churchmen starve.
 True, that true beautie vertue is indeed,
 Whereof this beautie can be but a shade,
 Which, elements with mortall mixture breed.
 True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
 And should in soule up to our countrey move :
 True, and yet true — that I must Stella love.

VI

SOME lovers speake, when they their Muses enter-
 taine,
 Of hopes begot by feare, of wot not what desires,
 Of force of heav'nly beames infusing hellish paine,
 Of living deaths, deare wounds, faire stormes, and
 freeing fires :
 Some one his song in Jove and Jove's strange tales
 attires,
 Bordred with buls and swans, powdred with golden
 raine ;
 Another, humbler wit, to shepheard's pipe retires,
 Yet hiding royall blood full oft in rurall vaine.
 To some a sweetest plaint a sweetest stile affords,
 While teares powre out his inke, and sighs breathe
 out his words,
 His paper pale dispaire, and paine his pen doth move.
 I can speake what I feele, and feele as much as they,
 But thinke that all the map of my state I display
 When trembling voice brings forth, that I do Stella
 love.

VII

WHEN Nature made her chiefe worke, Stella's eyes,
In colour blacke why wrapt she beames so
bright?

Would she, in beemie blacke, like painter wise,
Frame daintiest lustre, mixt of shades and light ?
Or did she else that sober hue devise,
In object best to knit and strength our sight ;
Least, if no vaile these brave gleames did disguise,
They, sunlike, should more dazle then delight ?
Or would she her miraculous power show,
That, whereas blacke seemes beautie's contrary,
She even in blacke doth make all beauties flow ?
Both so, and thus, — she, minding Love should be
Placed ever there, gave him this mourning weed
To honor all their deaths who for her bleed.

VIII

LOVE, borne in Greece, of late fled from his native
place —

Forc'd by a tedious prooffe that Turkish hardned hart
Is not fit marke to pierce with his fine-pointed dart —
And, pleas'd with our soft peace, staid here his flying
race :

But, finding these north clymes too coldly him
embrace,

Not usde to frozen clips, he strave to find some part
Where with most ease and warmth he might employ
his art ;

At length he perch'd himself in Stella's joyfull face,
Whose faire skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on
snow,

Deceiv'd the quaking boy, who thought, from so pure
light,

Effects of lively heat must needs in nature grow :
But she, most faire, most cold, made him thence take
his flight

To my close heart ; where, while some firebrands he
did lay,

He burnt unwares his wings, and cannot fly away.

IX

QUEENE Vertue's Court, which some call Stella's
 face,
 Prepar'd by Nature's choisest furniture,
 Hath his front built of alabaster pure ;
 Gold is the covering of that stately place.
 The doore, by which sometimes comes forth her grace,
 Red porphir is, which locke of pearle makes sure,
 Whose porches rich (which name of cheekes endure)
 Marble, mixt red and white, do enterlace.
 The windowes now, through which this heav'nly guest
 Looks over the world, and can find nothing such,
 Which dare claime from those lights the name of best,
 Of touch they are, that without touch doth touch,
 Which Cupid's selfe from Beautie's mine did draw :
 Of touch they are, and poore I am their straw.

X

REASON, in faith thou art well serv'd, that still
 Wouldst bragging be with sence and Love in me ;
 I rather wisht thee clime the Muses' hill ;
 Or reach the fruite of Nature's choisest tree ;
 Or seeke heav'n's course or heav'n's inside to see :
 Why shouldst thou toyle our thornie soile to till ?
 Leave sence, and those which sence's objects be ;
 Deale thou with powers of thoughts, leave love to will.
 But thou wouldst needs fight both with love and sence,
 With sword of wit giving wounds of dispraise,
 Till downe-right blowes did foyle thy cunning fence ;
 For, soone as they strake thee with Stella's rayes,
 Reason, thou kneel'dst, and offeredst straight to prove,
 By reason good, good reason her to love.

XI

IN truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind
 Thou doest proceed in thy most serious wayes,
 That when the heav'n to thee his best displayes,
 Yet of that best thou leav'st the best behind !
 For, like a childe that some faire booke doth find,
 With guilded leaves or coloured velume playes,
 Or, at the most, on some fine picture stayes,
 But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind ;
 So when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet
 Stella, thou straight look'st babies in her eyes,
 In her cheekes' pit thou didst thy pitfould set,
 And in her breast bo-peepe or couching lyes,
 Playing and shining in each outward part ;
 But, foole, seekst not to get into her hart.

XII

CUPID, because thou shin'st in Stella's eyes,
That from her lockes, thy day-nets, none scapes
free,

That those lips sweld, so full of thee they bee,
That her sweete breath makes oft thy flames to rise,
That in her breast thy pap well sugred lies,
That her grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that she,
What words soere she speake, perswades for thee,
That her cleare voyce lifts thy fame to the skies—
Thou countest Stella thine, like those whose powers
Having got up a breach by fighting well,
Crie "Victorie, this faire day all is ours!"
O no; her heart is such a cittadell,
So fortified with wit, stor'd with disdaine,
That to win it is all the skill and paine.

XIII

PHŒBUS was judge betweene Jove, Mars, and Love,
Of those three gods, whose armes the fairest were.
Jove's golden shield did eagle sables beare,
Whose talents held young Ganimed above :
But in vert field Mars bare a golden speare,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did shove :
Each had his creast, Mars caried Venus' glove,
Jove on his helme the thunderbolt did reare.
Cupid then smiles, for on his crest there lies
Stella's faire haire, her face he makes his shield,
Where roses gueuls are borne in silver field.
Phœbus drew wide the curtaines of the skies,
To blaze these last, and sware devoutly then,
The first, thus matcht, were scantly gentlemen.

XIV

ALAS, have I not paine enough, my friend,
 Upon whose breast a fiercer Gripe doth tire
 Then did on him who first stale down the fire,
 While Love on me doth all his quiver spend,—
 But with your rubarb words ye must contend,
 To grieve me worse, in saying that Desire
 Doth plunge my wel-form'd soule even in the mire
 Of sinfull thoughts, which do in ruine end?
 If that be sinne which doth the maners frame,
 Well staid with truth in word and faith of deed,
 Readie of wit, and fearing nought but shame;
 If that be sinne which in fixt hearts doth breed
 A loathing of all loose unchastitie,
 Then love is sinne, and let me sinfull be.

XV

You that do search for everie purling spring
 Which from the ribs of old Parnassus flowes,
 And everie floure, not sweet perhaps, which growes
 Neare thereabouts, into your poesie wring;
 Ye that do dictionarie's methode bring
 Into your rimes, running in ratling rowes;
 You that poore Petrarch's long-deceasèd woes
 With new-borne sighes and denisen'd wit do sing;
 You take wrong waies; those far-fet helpes be such
 As do bewray a want of inward tuch,
 And sure, at length stolne goods do come to light:
 But if, both for your love and skill, your name
 You seeke to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
 Stella behold, and then begin to endite.

XVI

IN nature apt to like, when I did see
Beauties which were of manie carrets fine,
My boiling sprites did thither soone incline,
And, Love, I thought that I was full of thee :
But finding not those restlesse flames in me,
Which others said did make their soules to pine,
I thought those babes of some pinne's hurt did whine,
By my soule judging what Love's paine might be.
But while I thus with this young lyon plaid,
Mine eyes — shall I say curst or blest ? — beheld
Stella : now she is nam'd, need more be said ?
In her sight I a lesson new have speld ;
I now have learn'd love right, and learn'd even so
As who by being poisond doth poison know.

XVII

His mother deare Cupid offended late,
 Because that Mars, growne slacker in her love,
 With pricking shot he did not thoroughly move
 To keepe the place of their first loving state
 The boy refusde for feare of Marses hate,
 Who threatned stripes, if he his wrath did prove;
 But she, in chafe, him from her lap did shove,
 Brake bowe, brake shafts, while Cupid weeping sate;
 Till that his grandame Nature, pittying it,
 Of Stella's browes made him two better bowes,
 And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.
 O how for joy he leapes! O how he crowes!
 And straight therewith, like wags new got to play,
 Fals to shrewd turnes; and I was in his way.

XVIII

WITH what sharpe checkes I in my selfe am shent
When into Reason's audite I do go,
And by just counts my selfe a banckrout know
Of all those goods which heav'n to me hath lent;
Unable quite to pay even Nature's rent,
Whiche unto it by birthright I do ow;
And, which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent!
My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toyes;
My wit doth strive those passions to defend,
Which, for reward, spoile it with vaine annoyes.
I see, my course to loose my selfe doth bend;
I see — and yet no greater sorow take
Then that I loose no more for Stella's sake.

XIX

ON Cupid's bow how are my heart-strings bent,
That see my wracke, and yet embrace the same !
When most I glorie, then I feele most shame ;
I willing run, yet while I run repent ;
My best wits still their owne disgrace invent :
My verie inke turnes straight to Stella's name ;
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Advise themselves that they are vainely spent :
For though she passe all things, yet what is all
That unto me, who fare like him that both
Lookes to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall ?
O let me prop my mind, yet in his growth,
And not in nature for best fruits unfit.
Scholler, saith Love, bend hitherward your wit.

XX

FLIE, fly, my friends; I have my death wound, fly;
 See there that boy that murthring boy, I say,
 Who, like a theefe, hid in darke bush doth ly,
 Till bloudie bullet get him wrongfull pray.
 So tyran he no fitter place could spie,
 Nor so faire leuell in so secret stay,
 As that sweete blacke which vailles the heav'nly eye;
 There himselfe with his shot he close doth lay.
 Poore passenger, passe now thereby I did,
 And staid, pleas'd with the prospect of the place,
 While that blacke hue from me the bad guest hid:
 But straight I saw motions of lightning grace;
 And then descried the glistring of his dart:
 But ere I could flie thence, it pierc'd my heart.

XXI

YOUR words, my friend (right healthfull caustiks),
 blame

My young mind marde, whom Love doth windlas so,
 That mine owne writings, like bad servants, show
 My wits quicke in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame;
 That Plato I read for nought but if he tame
 Such coltish yeeres; that to my birth I owe
 Nobler desires, least else that friendly foe,
 Great expectation, weare a traine of shame.
 For since mad March great promise made of me,
 If now the May of my yeares much decline,
 What can be hoped my harvest time will be?
 Sure, you say well, "Your wisdom's golden mine
 Dig deepe with Learning's spade." Now tell me this —
 Hath this world ought so faire as Stella is?

XXII

IN highest way of heav'n the Sunne did ride,
Progressing then from faire Twinnes' gold'n place,
Having no scarfe of clowds before his face,
But shining forth of heate in his chiefe pride;
When some faire ladies, by hard promise tied,
On horsebacke met him in his furious race;
Yet each prepar'd with fannes wel-shading grace
From that foe's wounds their tender skinnes to hide.
Stella alone with face unarmèd marcht,
Either to do like him which open shone,
Or carelesse of the wealth, because her owne.
Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht;
Her daintiest, bare, went free: the cause was this, —
The Sunne, which others burn'd, did her but kisse.

XXIII

THE curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
 Bewray it selfe in my long-setled eyes,
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
 With idle paines and missing ayme, do guesse.
 Some, that know how my spring I did addresse,
 Deeme that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies ;
 Others, because the Prince my service tries,
 Thinke that I thinke state errours to redress :
 But harder judges judge ambition's rage —
 Scourge of it selfe, still climbing slipprie place —
 Holds my young braine captiv'd in golden cage.
 O fooles, or over-wise : alas, the race
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start
 But only Stella's eyes and Stella's hart.

XXIV

RICH fooles there be whose base and filthy hart
 Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow,
 And damning their owne selves to Tantal's smart,
 Wealth breeding want — more rich, more wretched
 grow.

Yet to those fooles Heav'n such wit doth impart,
 As what their hands do hold, their heads do know ;
 And, knowing, love ; and, loving, lay apart
 As sacred things, far from all daunger's show.
 But that rich foole, who by blind Fortune's lot
 The richest gemme of love and life enjoyes,
 And can with foule abuse such beauties blot ;
 Let him, depriv'd of sweet but unfelt joyes,
 Exil'd for ay from those high treasures which
 He knowes not, grow in only follie rich !

XXV

THE wisest scholler of the wight most wise
 By Phœbus' doome, with sugred sentence sayes,
 That vertue, if it once met with our eyes,
 Strange flames of love it in our soules would raise.
 But, — for that man with paine this truth descries,
 Whiles he each thing in Sense's ballance wayes,
 And so nor will nor can behold those skies
 Which inward sunne to heroicke minde displaies —
 Vertue of late, with vertuous care to ster
 Love of her selfe, tooke Stella's shape, that she
 To mortall eyes might sweetly shine in her.
 It is most true; for since I her did see,
 Vertue's great beautie in that face I prove,
 And find th' effect, for I do burne in love.

XXVI

THOUGH dustie wits dare scorne Astrologie,
 And fooles can thinke those lampes of purest
 light —

Whose numbers, waies, greatnesse, eternitie,
 Promising wonders, wonder do invite —
 To have for no cause birthright in the skie
 But for to spangle the blacke weeds of night ;
 Or for some brawle, which in that chamber hie,
 They should still daunce to please a gazer's sight.
 For me, I do Nature unidle know,
 And know great causes great effects procure ;
 And know those bodies high raigne on the low.
 And if these rules did faile, prooffe makes me sure,
 Who oft fore-judge my after-following race,
 By only those two starres in Stella's face.

XXVII

BECAUSE I oft in darke abstracted guise
 Seeme most alone in greatest companie,
 With dearth of words, or answers quite awrie,
 To them that would make speech of speech arise ;
 They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,
 That poison foule of bubling pride doth lie
 So in my swelling breast, that only I
 Fawne on me selfe, and others do despise.
 Yet pride I thinke doth not my soule possesse
 (Which looks too oft in his unflattrring glasse) :
 But one worse fault, Ambition, I confesse,
 That makes me oft my best friends overpasse,
 Unseene, unheard, while thought to highest place
 Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

XXVIII

You that with Allegorie's curious frame
Of others' children changelings use to make,
With me those paines, for God's sake, do not take :
I list not dig so deepe for brasen fame.
When I say Stella, I do meane the same
Princesse of Beautie, for whose only sake
The raines of Love I love, though never slake,
And joy therein, though nations count it shame.
I beg no subject to use eloquence,
Nor in hid wayes do guide philosophie ;
Looke at my hands for no such quintessence ;
But know that I in pure simplicitie
Breathe out the flames which burne within my heart,
Love onely reading unto me this arte.

XXIX

LIKE some weake lords neighbord by mighty kings,
To keepe themselves and their chiefe cities free,
Do easly yeeld that all their coasts may be
Ready to store their campes of needfull things;
So Stella's heart, finding what power Love brings,
To keep it selfe in life and liberty,
Doth willing graunt that in the frontiers he
Use all to helpe his other conquerings.
And thus her heart escapes; but thus her eyes
Serve him with shot, her lips his heralds arre,
Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphall carre,
Her flesh his food, her skin his armour brave;
And I, but for because my prospect lies
Upon that coast, am giv'n up for a slave.

XXX

WHETHER the Turkish new-moone minded be
 To fill his hornes this yeare on Christian coast ?
 How Poles' right king meanes without leave of hoast
 To warm with ill-made fire cold Moscovy ?
 If French can yet three parts in one agree ?
 What now the Dutch in their full diets boast ?
 How Holland hearts, now so good townes be lost,
 Trust in the shade of pleasing Orange-tree ?
 How Ulster likes of that same golden bit
 Wherewith my father once made it halfe tame ?
 If in the Scotch Court be no weltring yet ?
 These questions busie wits to me do frame :
 I, cumbred with good maners, answer do,
 But know not how ; for still I thinke of you.

XXXI

WITH how sad steps, O Moone, thou climb'st the
skies !

How silently, and with how wanne a face !
What, may it be that even in heav'nly place
That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries !
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
I reade it in thy lookes ; thy languisht grace,
To me, that feele the like, thy state descries.
Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moone, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorne whom that love doth possesse ?
Do they call vertue there ungratefulnesse ?

XXXII

MORPHEUS, the lively sonne of deadly Sleepe,
 Witnesse of life to them that living die,
 A prophet oft, and oft an historie,
 A poet eke, as humours fly or creepe;
 Since thou in me so sure a power doest keepe,
 That never I with clos'd-up sense do lie,
 But by thy worke my Stella I descrie,
 Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weepe;
 Vouchsafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,
 Whence hast thou ivorie, rubies, pearle, and gold,
 To shew her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?
 Foole! answers he; no Indes such treasures hold;
 But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
 Sweet Stella's image I do steale to mee.

XXXIII

I MIGHT! — unhappie word — O me, I might,
 And then would not, or could not, see my blisse .
 Till now wrapt in a most infernall night,
 I find how heav'nly day, wretch! I did misse.
 Hart, rent thy selfe, thou doest thy selfe but right;
 No lovely Paris made thy Hellen his,
 No force, no fraud robd thee of thy delight,
 Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is;
 But to my selfe my selfe did give the blow,
 While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me,
 That I respects for both our sakes must show:
 And yet could not, by rising morne foresee
 How faire a day was neare: O punisht eyes,
 That I had bene more foolish, or more wise!

XXXIV

COME, let me write. And to what end? To ease
 A burthned hart. How can words ease, which
 are

The glasses of thy dayly-vexing care?
 Oft cruell fights well pictured-forth do please.
 Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?
 Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare.
 But will not wise men thinke thy words fond ware?
 Then be they close, and so none shall displease.
 What idler thing then speake and not be hard?
 What harder thing then smart and not to speake?
 Peace, foolish wit! with wit my wit is mard.
 Thus write I, while I doubt to write, and wreake
 My harmes on ink's poore losse. Perhaps some find
 Stella's great powrs, that so confuse my mind.

XXXV

WHAT may words say, or what may words not say,
 Where truth it selfe must speake like flatterie?
 Within what bounds can one his liking stay,
 Where Nature doth with infinite agree?
 What Nestor's counsell can my flames alay,
 Since Reason's selfe doth blow the cole in me?
 And, ah, what hope that hope should once see day,
 Where Cupid is sworne page to Chastity?
 Honour is honour'd, that thou doest possesse
 Him as thy slave, and now long-needy Fame
 Doth even grow rich, naming my Stella's name.
 Wit learnes in thee perfection to expresse,
 Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is raise:
 It is a praise to praise, when thou art praisde.

XXXVI

STELLA, whence doth this new assault arise,
 A conquerd, yolden, ransackt heart to winne,
 Whereto long since, through my long-battred eyes,
 Whole armies of thy beauties entred in ?
 And there, long since, Love, thy lieutenant, lies,
 My forces razde, thy banners raisd within ;
 Of conquest do not these effects suffice,
 But wilt now warre upon thine owne begin ?
 With so sweete voice, and by sweete Nature so
 In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withall
 In all sweete stratagems sweete Arte can show,
 That not my soule, which at thy foot did fall
 Long since, forc'd by thy beames: but stone nor tree,
 By Sence's priviledge, can scape from thee !

XXXVII

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
 My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be :
 Listen then, lordings, with good eare to me,
 For of my life I must a riddle tell.
 Towárd Aurora's Court a nymph doth dwell,
 Rich in all beauties which man's eye can see ;
 Beauties so farre from reach of words, that we
 Abase her praise saying she doth excell ;
 Rich in the treasure of deserv'd renowne,
 Rich in the riches of a royall hart,
 Rich in those gifts which give th' eternall crowne ;
 Who, though most rich in these and everie part
 Which make the patents of true worldly blisse,
 Hath no misfortune but that Rich she is.

XXXVIII

THIS night, while sleepe begins with heavy wings
 To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
 Doth fall to stray, and my chiefe powres are brought
 To leave the scepter of all subject things;
 The first that straight my fancie's error brings
 Unto my mind is Stella's image, wrought
 By Love's owne selfe, but with so curious drought
 That she, me thinks, not onely shines but sings.
 I start, looke, hearke; but what in closde-up sence
 Was held, in opend sense it flies away,
 Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence.
 I, seeing better sights in sight's decay,
 Cald it anew, and wooèd sleepe againe;
 But him, her host, that unkind guest had slaine.

XXXIX

COME, Sleepe! O Sleepe, the certaine knot of
 peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the balme of woe,
 The poore man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge betweene the high and low ;
 With shield of prooffe shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts dispaire at me doth throw :
 O make in me those civill warres to cease ;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deafe to noise and blind to light,
 A rosie garland and a wearie hed :
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier then else-where, Stella's image see.

XL

As good to write, as for to lie and grone.
 O Stella deare, how much thy power hath
 wrought,
 That hast my mind, none of the basest, brought
 My still-kept course, while others sleepe, to mone ;
 Alas, if from the height of Vertue's throne
 Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
 Upon a wretch that long thy grace hath sought,
 Weigh then how I by thee am overthrowne ;
 And then thinke thus — although thy beautie be
 Made manifest by such a victorie,
 Yet noblest conquerours do wreckes avoid.
 Since then thou hast so farre subdued me,
 That in my heart I offer still to thee,
 O do not let thy temple be destroyd.

XLI

HAVING this day my horse, my hand, my launce
 Guided so well that I obtain'd the prize,
 Both by the judgment of the English eyes
 And of some sent from that sweetemie Fraunce;
 Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advaunce,
 Towne-folkes my strength; a daintier judge applies
 His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise;
 Some luckie wits impute it but to chaunce;
 Others, because of both sides I do take
 My blood from them who did excell in this,
 Thinke Nature me a man of armes did make.
 How farre they shot awrie! the true cause is,
 Stella lookt on, and from her heav'nly face
 Sent forth the beames which made so faire my race.

XLII

O EYES, which do the speares of beautie move ;
Whose beames be joyes, whose joyes all
vertues be ;
Who, while they make Love conquer, conquer Love ;
The schooles where Venus hath learn'd chastitie :
O eyes, where humble lookes most glorious prove,
Only-lov'd tyrants, just in cruelty ;—
Do not, O do not, from poore me remove,
Keep still my Zenith, ever shine on me :
For though I never see them, but straightwayes
My life forgets to nourish languisht sprites ;
Yet still on me, O eyes, dart downe your rayes :
And if from majestie of sacred lights
Oppressing mortall sense my death proceed,
Wrackes triumphs be which Love high set doth
breed.

XLIII

FAIRE eyes, sweet lips, deare heart, that foolish I
 Could hope, by Cupid's helpe, on you to pray,
 Since to himselfe he doth your gifts apply,
 As his maine force, choise sport, and easefull stay !
 For when he will see who dare him gainesay,
 Then with those eyes he lookes : lo, by and by
 Each soule doth at Love's feet his weapons lay,
 Glad if for her he give them leave to die.
 When he will play, then in her lips he is,
 Where blushing red, that Love's selfe them doth love,
 With either lip he doth the other kisse ;
 But when he will, for quiet's sake, remove
 From all the world, her heart is then his rome,
 Where well he knowes no man to him can come.

XLIV

My words I know do well set forth my mind ;
 My mind bemoans his sense of inward smart ;
 Such smart may pitié claime of any hart ;
 Her heart, sweete heart, is of no tygre's kind :
 And yet she heares, and yet no pitié I find,
 But more I crie, lesse grace she doth impart.
 Alas, what cause is there so overthwart,
 That Noblenesse it selfe makes thus unkind ?
 I much do guesse, yet find no truth save this,
 That when the breath of my complaints doth tuch
 Those daintie dores unto the court of blisse,
 The heav'nly nature of that place is such,
 That, once come there, the sobs of mine annoyés
 Are metamorphos'd straight to tunes of joyes.

XLV

STELLA oft sees the verie face of wo
 Painted in my beclowded stormie face,
 But cannot skill to pitie my disgrace,
 Not though thereof the cause herselfe she know:
 Yet hearing late a fable, which did show
 Of lovers never knowne, a grievous case,
 Pitie thereof gate in her breast such place,
 That, from that sea deriv'd, teares' spring did flow.
 Alas, if Fancy, drawne by imag'd things
 Though false, yet with free scope, more grace doth
 breed
 Then servants' wracke, where new doubts honor
 brings;
 Then thinke, my deare, that you in me do reed
 Of lovers' ruine some sad tragedie.
 I am not I; pitie the tale of me.

XLVI

I CURST thee oft, I pitie now thy case,
 Blind-hitting Boy, since she that thee and me
 Rules with a becke, so tyrannizeth thee,
 That thou must want or food or dwelling-place,
 For she protests to banish thee her face.
 Her face! O Love, a rogue thou then shouldst be,
 If Love learne not alone to love and see,
 Without desire to feed of further grace.
 Alas, poore wag, that now a scholler art
 To such a schoole-mistresse, whose lessons new
 Thou needs must misse, and so thou needs must
 smart.
 Yet, deare, let me his pardon get of you,
 So long, though he from book myche to desire,
 Till without fewell you can make hot fire.

XLVII

WHAT, have I thus betrayed my libertie?
 Can those blacke beames such burning markes
 engrave

In my free side; or am I borne a slave,
 Whose necke becomes such yoke of tyranny!
 Or want I sense to feele my miserie,
 Or sprite, disdaine of such disdaine to have!
 Who for long faith, tho' dayly helpe I crave,
 May get no almes, but scorne of beggerie.
 Vertue, awake! Beautie but beautie is;
 I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
 Leave following that which it is gaine to misse.
 Let her go! Soft, but here she comes! Go to,
 Unkind, I love you not! O me, that eye
 Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lie!

XLVIII

SOULE's joy, bend not those morning starres from
 me,
 Where Vertue is made strong by Beautie's might,
 Where Love is chastnesse, Paine doth learne delight,
 And Humblenesse growes one with Majestie.
 What ever may ensue, O let me be
 Copartner of the riches of that sight;
 Let not mine eyes be hel-driv'n from that light;
 O looke, O shine, O let me die, and see.
 For though I oft my selfe of them bemone
 That through my heart their beamie darts be gone,
 Whose curelesse wounds even now most freshly bleed,
 Yet since my death-wound is already got,
 Deare Killer, spare not thy sweet cruell shot:
 A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

XLIX

I ON my horse, and Love on me, doth trie
 Our horsmanships, while by strange worke I prove
 A horsman to my horse, a horse to Love,
 And now man's wrongs in me, poore beast, descrie.
 The raine wherewith my rider doth me tie
 Are humbled thoughts, which bit of reverence move,
 Curb'd in with feare, but with guilt bosse above
 Of hope, which makes it seeme faire to the eye:
 The wand is will; thou, fancie, saddle art,
 Girt fast by memorie; and while I spurre
 My horse, he spurres with sharpe desire my hart;
 He sits me fast, however I do sturre;
 And now hath made me to his hand so right,
 That in the manage my selfe takes delight.

L

STELLA, the fulnesse of my thoughts of thee
 Cannot be staid within my panting breast,
 But they do swell and struggle forth of me,
 Till that in words thy figure be exprest:
 And yet, as soone as they so formèd be,
 According to my lord Love's owne behest,
 With sad eyes I their weake proportion see
 To portrait that which in this world is best.
 So that I cannot chuse but write my mind,
 And cannot chuse but put out what I write,
 While these poore babes their death in birth do find;
 And now my pen these lines had dashèd quite,
 But that they stopt his furie from the same,
 Because their forefront bare sweet Stella's name.

PARDON mine eares, both I and they do pray ;
 So may your tongue still fluently proceed,
 To them that do such entertainment need ;
 So may you still have somewhat new to say.
 On silly me do not the burthen lay
 Of all the grave conceits your braine doth breed ;
 But find some Hercules to beare, in steed
 Of Atlas tyr'd, your wisdom's heav'nly sway.
 For me, — while you discourse of courtly tides,
 Of cunning fishers in most troubled streames,
 Of straying wayes, when valiant errorr guides, —
 Meanewhile my heart confers with Stella's beames
 And is even irkt that so sweet comedie
 By such unsuted speech should hindred be.

LII

A STRIFE is growne between Vertue and Love,
 While each pretends that Stella must be his.
 Her eyes, her lips, her all, saith Love, do this,
 Since they do weare his badge, most firmly prove.
 But Vertue thus that title doth disprove,
 That Stella, (O deare name !) that Stella is
 That vertuous soule, sure heire of heav'nly blisse,
 Not this faire outside, which our hearts doth move :
 And therefore, though her beautie and her grace
 Be Love's indeed, in Stella's selfe he may
 By no pretence claime any maner place.
 Well, Love, since this demurre our sute doth stay,
 Let Vertue have that Stella's selfe ; yet thus,
 That Vertue but that body graunt to us.

LIII

IN martiall sports I had my cunning tride,
 And yet to breake more staves did mee adresse,
 While, with the people's shouts, I must confesse,
 Youth, lucke, and praise even fil'd my veines with pride :
 When Cupid, having me, his slave, descride
 In Marses livery prauncing in the presse :
 What now, Sir Foole! said he, — I would no lesse —
 Looke here, I say! I look'd, and Stella spide,
 Who, hard by, made a window send forth light.
 My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,
 One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight,
 Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries :
 My foe came on, and beat the aire for me,
 Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

LIV

BECAUSE I breathe not love to everie one,
 Nor do not use set colours for to weare,
 Nor nourish speciall lockes of vowèd haire,
 Nor give each speech a full point of a grone,
 The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the mone
 Of them who in their lips Love's standerd beare :
 What, he! (say they of me) : now I dare sweare
 He cannot love ; no, no, let him alone.
 And thinke so still, so Stella know my minde ;
 Professe in deed I do not Cupid's art ;
 But you, faire maides, at length this true shall find,
 That his right badge is but worne in the hart :
 Dumbè swannes, not chatring pies, do lovers prove ;
 They love indeed who quake to say they love.

MUSES, I oft invoked your holy ayde,
 With choisest flowers my speech to engarland so,
 That it, despisde in true but naked shew,
 Might winne some grace in your sweet grace arraid;
 And oft whole troupes of saddest words I staid,
 Striving abroad a-foraging to go,
 Untill by your inspiring I might know
 How their blacke banner might be best displaid.
 But now I meane no more your helpe to trie,
 Nor other sugring of my speech to prove,
 But on her name incessantly to crie;
 For let me but name her who n I do love,
 So sweete sounds straight wth mine eare and heart do hit,
 That I well find no eloquence like it.

LVI

Fy, schoole of Patience, fy! your lesson is
 Far, far too long to learne it without booke:
 What, a whole weeke without one peece of looke,
 And thinke I should not your large precepts misse!
 When I might reade those letters faire of blisse
 Which in her face teach vertue, I could brooke
 Somwhat thy lead'n counsels, which I tooke
 As of a friend that meant not much amisse.
 But now that I, alas, do want her sight,
 What, dost thou thinke that I can ever take
 In thy cold stuffe a flegmatike delight?
 No, Patience! if thou wilt my good, then make
 Her come and heare with patience my desire,
 And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

LVII

W^o having made, with many fights, his owne
 Each sence of mine, each gift, each power of
 mind ;

Growne now his slaves, he forst them out to find
 The thorowest words fit for woe's selfe to grone,
 Hoping that when they might finde Stella alone,
 Before she could prepare to be unkind,
 Her soule, arm'd but with such a dainty rind,
 Should soone be pierc'd with sharpnesse of the mone.
 She heard my plaints, and did not only heare,
 But them, so sweete is she, most sweetly sing,
 With that faire breast making woe's darknesse cleare.
 A prety case ; I hopèd her to bring
 To feele my griefes ; and she, with face and voice,
 So sweets my paines, that my paines me rejoyce.

LVIII

DOUBT there hath bene when with his golden chaine
 The oratour so farre men's harts doth bind,
 That no pace else their guided steps can find
 But as he them more short or slacke doth raine,
 Whether with words this soveraignty he gaine,
 Cloth'd with fine tropes, with strongest reasons lin'd,
 Or else pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
 Prints his owne lively forme in rudest braine.
 Now judge by this: in piercing phrases late
 The anatomy of all my woes I wrate;
 Stella's sweete breath the same to me did reed.
 O voice, O face! maugre my speeche's might
 Which wooèd wo, most ravishing delight
 Even those sad words even in sad me did breed.

LIX

DEARE, why make you more of a dog then me ?
 If he do love, I burne, I burne in love ;
 If he waite well, I never thence would move ;
 If he be faire, yet but a dog can be ;
 Little he is, so little worth is he ;
 He barks, my songs thine owne voyce oft doth prove ;
 Bid'n, perhaps he fetcheth thee a glove,
 But I, unbid, fetch even my soule to thee.
 Yet, while I languish, him that bosome clips,
 That lap doth lap, nay lets, in spite of spite,
 This sowre-breath'd mate tast of those sugred lips.
 Alas, if you graunt only such delight
 To witlesse things, then Love, I hope (since wit
 Becomes a clog) will soone ease me of it.

LX

WHEN my good angell guides me to the place
 Where all my good I do in Stella see,
 That heav'n of joyes throwes onely downe on me
 Thundred disdaines and lightnings of disgrace;
 But when the ruggedst step of Fortune's race
 Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she,
 With words wherein the Muses' treasures be,
 Shewes love and pitie to my absent case.
 Now I, wit-beaten long by hardest fate,
 So dull am, that I cannot looke into
 The ground of this fierce love and lovely hate.
 Then, some good body, tell me how I do,
 Whose presence absence, absence presence is;
 Blist in my curse, and cursèd in my blisse.

LXI

OFT with true sighes, oft with uncalled teares,
 Now with slow words, now with dumbe
 eloquence,
 I Stella's eyes assaid, invade her eares;
 But this, at last, is her sweet breath'd defence:
 That who indeed infelt affection beares,
 So captives to his Saint both soule and sence,
 That, wholly hers, all selfnesse he forbears,
 Then his desires he learnes, his live's course thence.
 Now, since her chaste mind hates this love in me,
 With chastned mind I straight must shew that she
 Shall quickly me from what she hates remove.
 O Doctor Cupid, thou for me reply;
 Driv'n else to graunt, by angel's sophistrie,
 That I love not without I leave to love.

LXII

LATE tyr'd with wo, even ready for to pine
 With rage of love, I cald my Love unkind;
 She in whose eyes love, though unfelt, doth shine,
 Sweet said, that I true love in her should find
 I joyed; but straight thus watred was my wine:
 That love she did, but loved a love not blind,
 Which would not let me, whom she loved, decline
 From nobler course, fit for my birth and mind:
 And therefore, by her love's authority,
 Wild me these tempests of vaine love to flie,
 And anchor fast my selfe on Vertue's shore.
 Alas, if this the only mettall be
 Of love new-coind to helpe my beggery,
 Deare, love me not, that ye may love me more.

LXIII

O GRAMMER-RULES, O now your vertues show;
 So children still reade you with awfull eyes,
 As my young Dove may, in your precepts wise,
 Her graunt to me by her owne vertue know :
 For late, with heart most high, with eyes most low,
 I crav'd the thing which ever she denies;
 She, lightning love, displaying Venus' skies,
 Least once should not be heard, twise said, No, No!
 Sing then, my Muse, now Io Pæan sing;
 Heav'ns envy not at my high triumphing,
 But grammer's force with sweet successe confirme:
 For grammer says, — O this, deare Stella, say, —
 For grammer sayes, — to grammer who sayes nay? —
 That in one speech two negatives affirme!

LXIV

No more, my deare, no more these counsels trie ;
 O give my passions leave to run their race ;
 Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace ;
 Let folke orecharg'd with braine against me crie ;
 Let clouds bedimme my face, breake in mine eye ;
 Let me no steps but of lost labour trace ;
 Let all the earth with scorne recount my case,
 But do not will me from my love to flie.
 I do not envie Aristotle's wit,
 Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame ;
 Nor ought do care though some above me sit ;
 Nor hope nor wish another course to frame,
 But that which once may win thy cruell hart :
 Thou art my wit, and thou my vertue art.

LXV

LOVE, by sure prooffe I may call thee unkind,
 That giv'st no better eare to my just cries;
 Thou whom to me such my good turnes should bind,
 As I may well recount, but none can prize:
 For when, nak'd boy, thou couldst no harbour find
 In this old world, growne now so too too wise,
 I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
 By nature borne, I gave to thee mine eyes;
 Mine eyes! my light, my heart, my life, alas!
 If so great services may scorn'd be,
 Yet let this thought thy tygrish courage passe,
 That I perhaps am somewhat kinne to thee;
 Since in thine armes, if learnd fame truth hath spread,
 Thou bear'st the arrow, I the arrow head.

LXVI

AND do I see some cause a hope to feede
 Or doth the tedious burd'n of long wo
 In weakened minds quicke apprehending breed
 Of everie image which may comfort show ?
 I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deed,
 Fortune wheelles still with me in one sort slow ;
 My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my need ;
 Desire still on the stilts of Feare doth go.
 And yet amid all feares a hope there is,
 Stolne to my heart since last faire night, nay day,
 Stella's eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,
 Looking on me while I lookt other way :
 But when mine eyes backe to their heav'n did move,
 They fled with blush which guiltie seem'd of love.

LXVII

H OPE, art thou true, or doest thou flatter me ?
 Doth Stella now begin with piteous eye
 The ruines of her conquest to espie ?
 Will she take time before all wrackèd be ?
 Her eyes-speech is translated thus by thee,
 But failst thou not in phrase so heav'nly hie ?
 Looke on againe, the faire text better trie ;
 What blushing notes doest thou in margine see ?
 What sighes stolne out, or kild before full borne ?
 Hast thou found such and such like arguments,
 Or art thou else to comfort me forsworne ?
 Well, how so thou interpret the contents,
 I am resolv'd thy errour to maintaine,
 Rather then by more truth to get more paine.

LXVIII

STELLA, the onely planet of my light,
 Light of my life, and life of my desire,
 Chiefe good whereto my hope doth only aspire,
 World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight;
 Why doest thou spend the treasures of thy sprite,
 With voice more fit to wed Amphion's lyre,
 Seeking to quench in me the noble fire
 Fed by thy worth, and kindled by thy sight?
 And all in vaine: for while thy breath most sweet
 With choisest words, thy words with reasons rare,
 Thy reasons firmly set on Vertue's feet,
 Labour to kill in me this killing care:
 O thinke I then, what paradise of joy
 It is, so faire a vertue to enjoy!

LXIX

O joy too high for my low stile to show!
 O blisse fit for a nobler state then me!
 Envie, put out thine eyes, least thou do see
 What oceans of delight in me do flow!
 My friend, that oft saw through all maskes my wo,
 Come, come, and let me powre my selfe on thee.
 Gone is the winter of my miserie!
 My spring appeares; O see what here doth grow:
 For Stella hath, with words where faith doth shine,
 Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchie:
 I, I, O I, may say that she is mine!
 And though she give but thus conditionly
 This realme of blisse, while vertuous course I take,
 No kings be crown'd but they some covenants make.

LXX

My Muse may well grudge at my heav'nly joy,
 If still I force her in sad rimes to creepe:
 She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes to enjoy
 Nectar of mirth, since I Jove's cup do keepe.
 Sonets be not bound prentise to annoy;
 Trebles sing high, as well as bases deepe;
 Griefe but Love's winter liverie is; the boy
 Hath cheekes to smile, as well as eyes to weepe.
 Come then, my Muse, shew thou height of delight
 In well raisde notes; my pen, the best it may,
 Shall paint out joy, though but in blacke and white.
 Cease, eager Muse; peace, pen, for my sake stay,
 I give you here my hand for truth of this,—
 Wise silence is best musicke unto blisse.

LXXI

WHO will in fairest booke of Nature know
 How vertue may best lodg'd in beautie be,
 Let him but learne of Love to reade in thee,
 Stella, those faire lines which true goodnesse show.
 There shall he find all vices' overthrow,
 Not by rude force, but sweetest soveraigntie
 Of reason, from whose light those night-birds flie;
 That inward sunne in thine eyes shineth so.
 And, not content to be Perfection's heire
 Thy selfe, doest strive all minds that way to move,
 Who marke in thee what is in thee most faire.
 So while thy beautie drawes the heart to love,
 As fast thy vertue bends that love to good:
 But, ah, Desire still cries, Give me some food.

LXXII

DESIRE, though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure love that I
One from the other scarcely can descrie,
While each doth blow the fier of my hart ;
Now from thy fellowship I needs must part ;
Venus is taught with Dian's wings to flie ;
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie ;
Vertue's gold now must head my Cupid's dart.
Service and honor, wonder with delight,
Feare to offend, will worthie to appeare,
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite ;
These things are left me by my only Deare :
But thou, Desire, because thou wouldst have all,
Now banisht art ; but yet, alas, how shall ?

LXXIII

LOVE, still a boy, and oft a wanton is,
 School'd onely by his mother's tender eye ;
 What wonder then if he his lesson misse,
 When for so soft a rod deare play he trie ?
 And yet my Starre, because a sugred kisse
 In sport I suckt while she asleepe did lie,
 Doth lowre, nay chide, nay threat for only this.
 Sweet, it was saucie Love, not humble I.
 But no scuse serves ; she makes her wrath appeare
 In beautie's throne : see now, who dares come neare
 Those scarlet judges, threatning bloody paine.
 O heav'nly foole, thy most kisse-worthy face
 Anger invests with such a lovely grace,
 That Anger selfe I needs must kisse againe.

LXXIV

I NEVER dranke of Aganippe well,
 Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit,
 And Muses scorne with vulgar braines to dwell ;
 Poore layman I, for sacred rites unfit.
 Some do I heare of poets' furie tell,
 But, God wot, wot not what they meane by it ;
 And this I sweare by blackest brooke of hell,
 I am no pick-purse of another's wit.
 How falles it then, that with so smooth an ease
 My thoughts I speake ; and what I speake doth flow
 In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please ?
 Guesse we the cause ? What, is it thus ? Fie, no.
 Or so ? Much lesse. How then ? Sure thus it is :
 My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kisse.

LXXV

OF all the kings that ever here did raigne,
 Edward, named fourth, as first in praise I
 name :

Not for his faire outside, nor well lined braine,
 Although lesse gifts impe feathers oft on fame.
 Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
 His sire's revenge, joyn'd with a kingdome's gaine ;
 And gain'd by Mars, could yet mad Mars so tame,
 That ballance weigh'd what sword did late obtaine.
 Nor that he made the Flouredeluce so fraid,
 Though strongly hedg'd, of bloudy Lyons' pawes,
 That wittie Lewes to him a tribute paid :
 Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause ;
 But only for this worthy knight durst prove
 To loose his crowne, rather then faile his love.

LXXVI

SHE comes, and streight therewith her shining twins
do move

Their rayes to me, who in her tedious absence lay
Benighted in cold wo; but now appears my day
The onely light of joy, the onely warmth of love.
She comes with light and warmth, which, like Aurora
prove

Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
With such a rosie morne, whose beames, most freshly
gay,

Scortch not, but onely do darke chilling sprites remove.
But, lo, while I do speake, it groweth noone with me,
Her flamie glistring lights increase with time and
place,

My heart cries, ah ! it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be ;
No wind, no shade can coole: what helpe then in my
case,

But with short breath, long lookes, staid feet, and
walking hed,

Pray that my sunne go downe with meeker beames to
bed ?

LXXVII

THOSE lookes, whose beames be joy, whose motion
 is delight ;
 That face, whose lectures shewes what perfect beautie
 is ;
 That presence, which doth give darke hearts a living
 light ;
 That grace, which Venus weepes that she her selfe
 doth misse ;
 That hand, which without touch holds more then
 Atlas might ;
 Those lips, which make death's pay a meane price for a
 kisse ;
 That skin, whose passe-praise hue scornes this poore
 terme of white ;
 Those words, which do sublime the quintessence of
 blisse ;
 That voyce, which makes the soule plant himselfe in
 the eares ;
 That conversation sweet, where such high comforts be,
 As, consterd in true speech, the name of heav'n it
 beares ;
 Makes me in my best thoughts and quietst judgments
 see
 That in no more but these I might be fully blest :
 Yet, ah, my mayd'n Muse doth blush to tell the best.

LXXVIII

O HOW the pleasant aires of true love be
 Infected by those vapours which arise
 From out that noysome gulfe, which gaping lies
 Betweene the jawes of hellish jealousie !
 A monster, others' harme, selfe-miserie,
 Beautie's plague, Vertue's scourge, succour of lies ;
 Who his owne joy to his owne hurt applies,
 And onely cherish doth with injurie :
 Who since he hath, by Nature's speciall grace,
 So piercing pawes as spoyle when they embrace ;
 So nimble feet as stirre still, though on thornes ;
 So manie eyes, ay seeking their owne woe ;
 So ample eares as never good newes know :
 Is it not evill that such a devill wants hornes ?

LXXIX

SWEET kisse, thy sweets I faine would sweetly
 endite,
 Which, even of sweetnesse sweetest sweetner art ;
 Pleasingst consort, where each sence holds a part ;
 Which, coupling doves, guides Venus' chariot right.
 Best charge, and bravest retrait in Cupid's fight ;
 A double key, which opens to the heart,
 Most rich when most his riches it impart ;
 Neast of young joyes, schoolmaster of delight,
 Teaching the meane at once to take and give ;
 The friendly fray, where blowes both wound and heale,
 The prettie death, while each in other live.
 Poore hope's first wealth, ostage of promist weale ;
 Breakefast of love. But lo, lo, where she is,
 Cease we to praise ; now pray we for a kisse.

LXXX

SWEET swelling lip, well maist thou swell in pride,
 Since best wits thinke it wit thee to admire;
 Nature's praise, Vertue's stall; Cupid's cold fire,
 Whence words, not words but heav'nly graces slide;
 The new Pernassus, where the Muses bide;
 Sweetner of musicke, wisdom's beautifier,
 Breather of life, and fastner of desire,
 Where Beautie's blush in Honour's graine is dide.
 Thus much my heart compeld my mouth to say;
 But now, spite of my heart, my mouth will stay,
 Loathing all lies, doubting this flatterie is:
 And no spurre can his resty race renew,
 Without, how farre this praise is short of you,
 Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweet kisse.

LXXXI

O KISSE, which doest those ruddie gemmes impart,
 Or gemmes or frutes of new-found Paradise,
 Breathing all blisse, and sweetening to the heart,
 Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exercise ;
 O kisse, which soules, even soules, together ties
 By linkes of love and only Nature's art,
 How faine would I paint thee to all men's eyes.
 Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part !
 But she forbids ; with blushing words she sayes
 She builds her fame on higher seated praise.
 But my heart burnes ; I cannot silent be.
 Then, since, deare life, you faine would have me peace,
 And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
 Stop you my mouth with still, still kissing me.

LXXXII

NYMPH of the gard'n where all beauties be, —
 Beauties which do in excellencie passe
 His who till death lookt in a watrie glasse,
 Or hers whom naked the Trojan boy did see;
 Sweet-gard'n-nymph, which keepes the cherrie-tree
 Whose fruit doth farre th' Esperian tast surpasses,
 Most sweet-faire, most faire-sweet, do not, alas,
 From comming neare those cherries banish mee.
 For though, full of desire, emptie of wit,
 Admitted late by your best-gracèd grace,
 I caught at one of them a hungrie bit;
 Pardon that fault; once more graunt me the place;
 And I do sweare, even by the same delight,
 I will but kisse; I never more will bite.

LXXXIII

GOOD brother Philip, I have borne you long ;
 I was content you should in favour creepe,
 While craftily you seem'd your cut to keepe,
 As though that faire soft hand did you great wrong :
 I bare, with envie, yet I bare, your song,
 When in her necke you did love ditties peepe ;
 Nay, more foole I, oft suffered you to sleepe
 In lilies' neast where Love's selfe lies along.
 What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment ?
 Is sawcinesse reward of curtesie ?
 Cannot such grace your silly selfe content,
 But you must needs with those lips billing be,
 And through those lips drinke nectar from that toong ?
 Leave that, sir Phip, least off your necke be wroong !

LXXXIV

HIGH sway, since you my chiefe Pernassus be,
 And that my Muse, to some eares not unsweet,
 Tempers her words to trampling horses' feete
 More oft then to a chamber melodie.
 Now, blessèd you beare onward blessèd me
 To her, where I my heart, safe-left, shall meet;
 My Muse and I must you of dutie greet
 With thankes and wishes, wishing thankfully.
 Be you still faire, honourd by publike heed;
 By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot;
 Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deed;
 And that you know I envy you no lot
 Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse, —
 Hundreds of yeares you Stella's feet may kisse.

LXXXV

I SEE the house, — my heart thy selfe containe
 Beware full sailes drowne not thy tottring barge,
 Least joy, by nature apt sprites to enlarge,
 Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits straine;
 Nor do like lords whose weake confusèd braine,
 Not pointing to fit folkes each undercharge,
 While everie office themselves will discharge,
 With doing all, leave nothing done but paine.
 But give apt servants their due place: let eyes
 See beautie's totall summe summ'd in her face;
 Let eares heare speach which wit to wonder ties;
 Let breath sucke up those sweetes; let armes embrace
 The globe of weale, lips Love's indentures make;
 'Thou but of all the kingly tribute take.

LXXXVI

A LAS, whence came this change of lookes? If I
 Have chang'd desert, let mine owne conscience be
 A still felt plague to selfe condemning me;
 Let wo gripe on my heart, shame loade mine eye:
 But if all faith, like spotlesse ermine, ly
 Safe in my soule, which only doth to thee,
 As his sole object of felicitie,
 With wings of love in aire of wonder flie,
 O ease your hand, treat not so hard your slave;
 In justice paines come not till faults do call:
 Or if I needs, sweet Judge, must torments have,
 Use something else to chast'n me withall
 Then those blest eyes, where all my hopes do dwell:
 No doome should make one's heav'n become his hell,

LXXXVII

WHEN I was forst from Stella ever deere —
 Stella, food of my thoughts, hart of my hart -
 Stella, whose eyes make all my tempests cleere —
 By Stella's lawes of duty to depart;
 Alas, I found that she with me did smart;
 I saw that teares did in her eyes appeare;
 I saw that sighes her sweetest lips did part,
 And her sad words my saddest sence did heare.
 For me, I wept to see pearles scattered so;
 I sighd her sighes, and wailèd for her wo;
 Yet swam in joy, such love in her was seene.
 Thus, while the 'ffect most bitter was to me,
 And nothing then the cause more sweet could be,
 I had bene vext, if vext I had not beene.

LXXXVIII

OUT, traytour Absence, darest thou counsell me
 From my deare Captainnesse to run away,
 Because in brave array heere marcheth she,
 That, to win me, oft shewes a present pay?
 Is faith so weake? or is such force in thee?
 When sun is hid, can starres such beames display?
 Cannot heav'n's food, once felt, keepe stomakes free
 From base desire on earthly cates to pray?
 Tush, Absence; while thy mistes eclipse that light,
 My orphan sence flies to the inward sight,
 Where memory sets foorth the beames of love;
 That, where before hart loved and eyes did see,
 In hart both sight and love now coupled be:
 United powers make each the stronger prove.

LXXXIX

Now that of absence the most irksome night
 With darkest shade doth overcome my day ;
 Since Stella's eyes, wont to give me my day,
 Leaving my hemisphere, leave me in night ;
 Each day seemes long, and longs for long-staid night ,
 The night, as tedious, wooes th' approach of day.
 Tired with the dusty toiles of busie day,
 Languisht with horrors of the silent night,
 Suffering the evils both of the day and night,
 While no night is more darke then is my day,
 Nor no day hath lesse quiet then my night :
 With such bad mixture of my night and day,
 That living thus in blackest winter night,
 I feele the flames of hottest sommer day.

XC

STELLA, thinke not that I by verse seeke fame,
 Who seeke, who hope, who love, who live but thee ;
 Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history :
 If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.
 Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame
 A nest for my yong praise in lawrell tree :
 In truth, I sweare I wish not there should be
 Graved in mine epitaph a Poet's name.
 Ne, if I would, could I just title make,
 That any laud thereof to me should grow,
 Without my plumes from others' wings I take :
 For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
 Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,
 And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

XCI

STELLA, while now, by honour's cruell might,
 I am from you, light of my life, mis-led,
 And that, — faire you, my sunne, thus overspred
 With Absence' vaile, — I live in Sorrowe's night;
 If this darke place yet shew like candle light,
 Some beautie's peece, as amber colour'd hed,
 Milke hands, rose cheeks, or lips more sweet, more
 red;
 Or seeing gets blacke but in blacknesse bright;
 They please, I do confesse they please mine eyes.
 But why? because of you they models be;
 Models, such be wood-globes of glistring skies.
 Deere, therefore be not jealous over me,
 If you heare that they seeme my hart to move;
 Not them, O no, but you in them I love.

XCII

BE your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,
 That you allow me them by so small rate?
 Or do you cutted Spartanes imitate?
 Or do you meane my tender eares to spare,
 That to my questions you so totall are?
 When I demaund of Phœnix Stella's state,
 You say, forsooth, you left her well of late:
 O God, thinke you that satisfies my care?
 I would know whether she did sit or walke;
 How cloth'd; how waited on; sighd she, or smilde
 Whereof, with whom, how often did she talke;
 With what pastime time's journey she beguilde;
 If her lips daignd to sweeten my poore name.
 Say all; and all well sayd, still say the same.

XCIII

O FATE, O fault, O curse, child of my blisse !
 What sobs can give words grace my griefto
 show ?

What inke is blacke inough to paint my wo ?
 Through me, wretch me, even Stella vexèd is.
 Yet, truth — if caitif's breath may call thee — this
 Witnesse with me, that my foule stumbling so,
 From carelesnesse did in no maner grow ;
 But wit, confus'd with too much care, did misse.
 And do I, then, my selfe this vaine scuse give ?
 I have — live I, and know this ? — harmèd thee ;
 Tho worlds quite me, shall I me selfe forgive ?
 Only with paines my paines thus easèd be,
 That all thy hurts in my hart's wracke I reede ;
 I cry thy sighs, my deere, thy teares I bleede.

XCIV

GRIEFE, find the words; for thou hast made my
braine

So darke with misty vapors, which arise
From out thy heavy mould, that inbent eyes
Can scarce discern the shape of mine owne paine.
Do thou then, for thou canst, do thou complaine
For my poore soule, which now that sicknesse tries,
Which even to sence, sence of it selfe denies,
Though harbengers of death lodge there his traine.
Or if thy love of plaint yet mine forbeares,
As of a caitife worthy so to die;
Yet waile thy selfe, and waile with causefull teares,
That though in wretchednesse thy life doth lie,
Yet growest more wretched then thy nature beares
By being placed in such a wretch as I.

XCV

YET sighs, deere sighs, indeede true friends you are,
 That do not leave your left friend at the wurst;
 But, as you with my breast I oft have nurst,
 So, gratefull now, you waite upon my care.
 Faint coward Joy no longer tarry dare,
 Seeing hope yeeld when this wo strake him furst;
 Delight protests he is not for the accurst,
 Though oft himselfe my mate in arms he sware;
 Nay, sorrow comes with such maine rage, that he
 Kils his owne children, teares, finding that they
 By love were made apt to consort with me.
 Only, true sighs, you do not go away:
 Thanke may you have for such a thankfull part,
 Thank-worthiest yet when you shall breake my hart.

XCVI

THOUGHT, with good cause thou likest so well the
night,

Since kind or chance gives both one liverie ;
Both sadly blacke, both blackly darkned be,
Night bard from sun, thou from thy owne sun light ;
Silence in both displaies his sullen might ;
Slow heavinesse in both holds one degree ;
That full of doubts, thou of perplexity ;
Thy teares expresse night's native moisture right ;
In both amazefull solitarinesse,
In night, of sprites the gastly powers to stur ;
In thee, or sprites or sprited gastlinesse.
But, but, alas, night's side the ods hath fur :
For that, at length, yet doth invite some rest ;
Thou, though still tired, yet still doost it detest.

XCVII

DIAN, that faine would cheare her friend the Night,
 Shewes her oft, at the full, her fairest face,
 Bringing with her those starry nimphs, whose chace
 From heavenly standing hits each mortall wight.
 But ah, poore Night, in love with Phœbus' light,
 And endlesly despairing of his grace,
 Her selfe, to shew no other joy hath place,
 Silent and sad, in mourning weedes doth dight.
 Even so, alas, a lady, Dian's peere,
 With choise delights and rarest company
 Would faine drive cloudes from out my heavy cheere;
 But, wo is me, though Joy it selfe were she,
 She could no shew my blind braine waies of joy,
 While I dispaire my Sunne's sight to enjoy.

XCVIII

A H, bed! the field where joye's peace some do see,
The field where all my thoughts to warre be
traine'd,

How is thy grace by my strange fortune staine'd!
How thy lee shores by my sighes stormèd be!
With sweete soft shades thou oft invitest me
To steale some rest; but, wretch, I am constraind —
Spurd with love's spur, though gold, and shortly rain'd
With care's hard hand — to turne and tosse in thee,
While the blacke horrors of the silent night
Paint woe's blacke face so lively to my sight,
That tedious leasure markes each wrinckled line:
But when Aurora leades out Phœbus' daunce,
Mine eyes then only winke; for spite, perchance,
That wormes should have their sun, and I want mine.

XCIX

WHEN far-spent night perswades each mortall eye,
 To whom nor art nor nature graunteth light,
 To lay his then marke wanting shafts of sight,
 Clos'd with their quivers, in sleep's armory ;
 With windowes ope then most my mind doth lie,
 Viewing the shape of darknesse, and delight
 Takes in that sad hue, which, with th' inward night
 Of his mazde powers, keepe perfit harmony.
 But when birds charme, and that sweete aire which is
 Morne's messenger, with rose enameld skies
 Cals each wight to salute the floure of blisse ;
 In tombe of lids then buried are mine eyes,
 Forst by their lord, who is asham'd to find
 Such light in sense, with such a darkned mind.

C

O TEARES ! no teares, but raine, from beautie's skies,
 Making those lillies and those roses grow,
 Which ay most faire, now more then most faire show,
 While gracefull pittie beautie beautifies.
 O honied sighs ! which from that breast do rise,
 Whose pants do make unspilling creame to flow,
 Wing'd with whose breath, so pleasing zephires blow.
 As can refresh the hell where my soule fries.
 O plaints ! conserv'd in such a sugred phrase,
 That Eloquence it selfe envies your praise,
 While sobd out words a perfect musike give.
 Such teares, sighs, plaints, no sorrow is, but joy :
 Or if such heavenly signes must prove annoy,
 All mirth farewell, let me in sorrow live.

STELLA is sicke, and in that sicke bed lies
 Sweetnesse, which breathes and pants as oft as
 she:

And grace, sicke too, such fine conclusions tries,
 That sicknesse brags it selfe best graced to be.
 Beauty is sicke, but sicke in so faire guise,
 That in that palenesse beautie's white we see;
 And joy, which is inseparate from those eyes,
 Stella, now learnes, strange case, to weepe in thee.
 Love mones thy paine, and like a faithfull page,
 As thy lookes sturre, comes up and downe, to make
 All folkes prest at thy will thy paine to asswage;
 Nature with care sweates for her darling's sake,
 Knowing worlds passe, ere she enough can find,
 Of such heaven stuffe, to cloath so heavenly a mind.

CII

WHERE be those roses gone, which sweetned so our
eyes?

Where those red cheeks, which oft, with fair encrease,
did frame

The height of honor in the kindly badge of shame?

Who hath the crimson weeds stolne from my morning
skies?

How doth the colour vade of those vermillion dies,
Which Nature' selfe did make, and selfe engraind the
same?

I would know by what right this palenesse overcame
That hue, whose force my hart still unto thraldome ties?
Gallein's adoptive sonnes, who by a beaten way
Their judgements hackney on, the fault on sicknesse lay;
But feeling prooffe makes me say they mistake it furre.
It is but love which makes his paper perfit white,
To write therein more fresh the story of delight,
Whiles beautie's reddest inke Venus for him doth sturre.

CIII

O HAPPIE Tems, that didst my Stella beare!
 I saw thy selfe with many a smiling line
 Upon thy cheerefull face, joye's livery weare,
 While those faire planets on thy streames did shine.
 The bote for joy could not to daunce forbear,
 While wanton winds, with beauties so devine
 Ravisht, staid not, till in her golden haire
 They did themselves, O sweetest prison, twine.
 And faine those Æol's youth there would their stay
 Have made, but forst by Nature still to flie,
 First did with puffing kisse those lockes display:
 She, so discheveld, blusht : from window I
 With sight thereof cride out, "O faire disgrace,
 Let Honor' selfe to thee graunt highest place."

CIV

ENVIOUS wits, what hath bene mine offence,
 That with such poysonous care my lookes you
 marke,
 That to each word, nay sigh of mine, you harke,
 As grudging me my sorrowe's eloquence?
 Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,
 Thence, so farre thence, that scarcely any sparke
 Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke,
 Where rigour's exile lockes up all my sense?
 But if I by a happy window passe,
 If I but stars upon mine armour beare —
 Sicke, thirsty, glad (though but of empty glasse) —
 Your morall notes straight my hid meaning teare
 From out my ribs, and, puffing, proves that I
 Do Stella love: fooles, who doth it deny?

UNHAPPY sight, and hath she vanisht by
 So neere, in so good time, so free a place!
 Dead glasse, dost thou thy object so imbrace,
 As what my hart still sees thou canst not spie!
 I sweare by her I love and lacke, that I
 Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race
 Onely unto the heav'n of Stella's face,
 Counting but dust what in the way did lie.
 But cease, mine eyes, your teares do witnesse well
 That you, guiltlesse thereof, your nectar mist:
 Curst be the page from whome the bad torch fell:
 Curst be the night which did your strife resist:
 Curst be the cochman which did drive so fast,
 With no worse curse then absence makes me tast.

CVI

O ABSENT presence ! Stella is not here !
 False flattering hope, that with so faire a face
 Bare me in hand, that in this orphane place
 Stella, I say my Stella, should appeare :
 What saist thou now ? where is that dainty cheere
 Thou toldst mine eyes should helpe their famisht case ?
 But thou art gone, now that selfe felt disgrace
 Doth make me most to wish thy comfort neere.
 But heere I do store of faire ladies meete,
 Who may with charme of conversation sweete
 Make in my heavy mould new thoughts to grow.
 Sure they prevaile as much with me, as he
 That bad his friend, but then new maim'd, to be
 Mery with him, and not thinke of his woe.

CVII

STELLA, since thou so right a princesse art
 Of all the powers which life bestowes on me,
 That ere by them ought undertaken be,
 They first resort unto that soveraigne part ;
 Sweete, for a while give respite to my hart,
 Which pants as though it stil should leape to thee :
 And on my thoughts give thy lieftenancy
 To this great cause, which needes both use and art.
 And as a queene, who from her presence sends
 Whom she employes, dismisse from thee my wit,
 Till it have wrought what thy owne will attends.
 On servants' shame oft maister's blame doth sit :
 O, let not fooles in me thy workes reprove,
 And scorning say, " See what it is to love ! "

CVIII

WHEN sorrow (using mine owne fier's might)
Melts downe his lead into my boyling brest,
Through that darke fornace to my hart opprest,
There shines a joy from thee my only light :
But soone as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my yong soule flutters to thee his nest,
Most rude dispaire, my daily unbidden guest,
Clips streight my wings, streight wraps me in his night,
And makes me then bow downe my head, and say,
Ah, what doth Phœbus gold that wretch availe
Whom iron doores do keepe from use of day ?
So strangely, alas, thy works in me prevaile,
That in my woes for thee thou art my joy,
And in my joyes for thee my only any.

THE END OF ASTROPHEL AND STELLA



EPILOGUE



I doubt whether the two sonnets on Desire and Love were really meant to form part of *Astrophel and Stella*. They strike me as retrospective, composed in a mood of stern and somewhat bitter meditation on the past, and probably after some considerable interval ; yet the Latin epigraph attached to the second has the force of an envoy. Moreover, they undoubtedly represent the attitude of mind in which Sidney bade farewell to unhallowed love, and which enabled him loyally to plight his troth to Frances Walsingham. Therefore it will not be inappropriate to close the analysis of his love poetry upon this note. No one, reading them, will fail to be struck with their resemblance to Shakespeare's superb sonnets upon Lust and Death ("The expense of spirit" and "Poor soul, thou centre"), which are perhaps the two most completely powerful sonnets in our literature.

J. A. SYMONDS.

THOU blind man's marke, thou foole's selfe chosen
snare,

Fond fancie's scum, and dregs of scattred thought :
Band of all evils ; cradle of causelesse care ;
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought :
Desire ! Desire ! I have too dearely bought,
With prise of mangled mind, thy worthlesse ware ;
Too long, too long, asleepe thou hast me brought,
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.
But yet in vaine thou hast my ruine sought ;
In vaine thou madest me to vaine things aspire ;
In vain thou kindlest all thy smokie fire ;
For Vertue hath this better lesson taught, —
Within my selfe to seeke my onelie hire,
Desiring nought but how to kill Desire.

LEAVE me, O Love, which reachest but to dust ;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things ;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
What ever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be ;
Which breakes the clowdes, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold ; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth drawes out to death,
And think how evill becommeth him to slide,
Who seeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell, world ; thy uttermost I see :
Eternall Love, maintaine thy life in me.

SPLENDIDIS LONGUM VALEDICO NUGIS.



XI SONGS WHICH WERE
DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE SONNETS
IN THE EDITION OF MDXCVIII



The songs here brought together with the exception of the eleventh, which first appears in the folio, were originally so placed at the end of the *Astrophel and Stella* Sonnet-sequence in the two quarto editions of 1591.

In the folio edition of 1598, "issued with the sanction and revision of Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke" (Pollard), these songs are found distributed among the sonnets as follows :

Song I precedes Sonnet LXIV.

Song II precedes Sonnet LXXIII.

Song III precedes Sonnet LXXXIV.

Song IV precedes Sonnet LXXXVI.

Songs V-IX precede Sonnet LXXXVII.

Song X precedes Sonnet XCIII.

Song XI precedes Sonnet CV.

FIRST SONG

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,
Which now my breast, orecharg'd, to musicke lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure?
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest treasure?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only for you the heav'n forgate all measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairenesse raigneth?
Who womankind at once both deckes and stayneth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Onely by you Cupid his crowne maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetnesse planteth?
Who else, for whom Fame worthy trumpets wanteth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Onely to you her scepter Venus granteth.

Who hath the breast, whose milke doth passions nourish?
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Onely through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which, without stroke, subdueth?
Who long dead beautie with increase reneweth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Onely at you all envie hopelesse rueth.

Who hath the haire, which, loosest, fastest tieth?
Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who hath the voyce, which soule from sences sunders?
Whose force, but yours, the bolts of beautie thunders?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you, to whom my Muse these notes intendeth,
Which now my breast, orecharg'd, to musicke lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due :
Only in you my song begins and endeth.

SECOND SONG

Have I caught my heav'nly jewell,
Teaching sleepe most faire to be !
Now will I teach her that she,
When she wakes, is too too cruell.

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmèd,
The two only darts of Love,
Now will I with that boy prove
Some play, while he is disarmèd.

Her tongue, waking, still refuseth
Giving frankly niggard no :
Now will I attempt to know
What no her tongue, sleeping, useth.

See the hand which, waking, gardeth,
Sleeping, grants a free resort :
Now will I invade the fort,
Cowards Love with losse rewardeth

But, O foole, thinke of the danger
Of her just and high disdaine ;
Now will I, alas, refraine ;
Love feares nothing else but anger.

Yet those lips, so sweetly swelling,
Do invite a stealing kisse.
Now will I but venture this ;
Who will read, must first learne spelling.

Oh, sweet kisse ! but ah, she is waking ;
Lowring beautie chastens me :
Now will I away hence flee ;
Foole ! More foole, for no more taking.

THIRD SONG

If Orpheus' voyce had force to breathe such musicke's love
Through pores of sencelesse trees, as it could make them move ;
If stones good measure daunc'd, the Theban walles to build
To cadence of the tunes which Amphyon's lyre did yeeld ;
More cause a like effect at least wise bringeth :
O stones, O trees, learne hearing, — Stella singeth.

If love might sweet'n so a boy of shepherd brood',
To make a lyzard dull to taste love's daintie food
If eagle fierce could so in Grecian mayd delight,
As his light was her eyes her death his endlesse night, —
Earth gave that love ; heav'n, I trow, love refineth, —
O birds, O beasts, looke love, — lo, Stella shineth.

The birds, beasts, stones, and trees feele this, and feeling, love ;
And if the trees nor stones stire not the same to prove,
Nor beasts nor birds do come unto this blessed gaze,
Know that small love is quicke, and great love doth amaze :
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armèd,
O eyes, O eares of men, how are you charmèd !

FOURTH SONG

Onely Joy, now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care,
Let my whispering voyce obtaine
Sweete reward for sharpest paine ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Night hath closd all in her cloke,
Twinckling starres love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keepe,
Jealouzie itselfe doth sleepe ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's yoke to loose or binde ;
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

This small light the moone bestowes
Serves thy beames but to disclose ;
So to raise my hap more hie,
Feare not else, none can us spie ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house :

Yet asleepe, me thinkes they say,
Yong folkes take time while you may ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Niggard time threats, if we misse
This large offer of our blisse,
Long stay, ere he graunt the same :
Sweet, then, while ech thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Your faire mother is a-bed,
Candles out and curtaines spread ;
She thinkes you do letters write ;
Write, but let me first endite ;
Take me to thee, and thee to me :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Sweet, alas, why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us ;
Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beaute stands ;
Take thee to me, and me to thee :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

Wo to me, and do you sweare
Me to hate? but I forbear ;
Cursèd be my destines all,
That brought me so high to fall ;
Soone with my death I will please thee :
“ No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.”

FIFT SONG

While favour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow thought;
Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory,
I thought all words were lost that were not spent of thee,
I thought each place was darke but where thy lights would be,
And all cares worse then deafe that heard not out thy storie.

I said thou wert most faire, and so indeed thou art;
I said thou wert most sweet, sweet poison to my heart;
I said my soule was thine, O that I then had lyed;
~~I~~ And thine eyes were starres, thy breast the milke'n way,
Thy fingers Cupid's shafts, thy voyce the angels' lay:
And all I said so well, as no man it denied.

But now that hope is lost, unkindnesse kills delight;
Yet thought and speech do live, though metamorphosd quite,
For rage now rules the raines which guided were by pleasure,
I thinke now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise,
That speech falles now to blame, ~~which~~ which did thy honour raise,
The same key op'n can, which can locke up a treasure.

Thou, then, whom partiall heavens conspir'd in one to frame
The prooffe of Beautie's worth, th' enheritrix of fame,
The mansion seat of blisse, and just excuse of lovers;
See now those feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew most high:
See what clouds of reproch shall darke thy honour's skie:
Whose owne fault cast him downe hardly high seat recovers.

And, O my Muse, though oft you luld her in your lap,
And then a heav'nly child, gave her ambrosian pap,

And to that braine of hers your kindest gifts infused ;
Since she, disdainning me, doth you in me disdaine,
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer paine.
Princes in subjects wrongd must deeme themselves abused.

Your client, poore my selfe, shall Stella handle so !
Revenge ! revenge ! my Muse ! Defiance trumpet blow ;
Threat'n what may be done, yet do more then you threat'n ;
Ah, my sute granted is, I feele my breast doth swell ;
Now, child, a lesson new you shall begin to spell,
Sweet babes must babies have, but shrewd gyrls must be beat'n.

Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine odour'd snow,
Nor blushing lillies, nor pearles' ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden sea, whose waves in curles are brok'n ;
But of thy soule, so fraught with such ungratefulnesse,
As where thou soone might'st helpe, most faith dost most oppresse ;
Ungratefull, who is cald, the worst of evils is spok'n ;

Yet worse then worst, I say thou art a theefe — A theefe !
Now God forbid ! — a theefe ! and of worst theeves the cheefe :
Theeves steal for need, and steale but goods which paine recovers,
But thou, rich in all joyes, dost rob my joyes from me,
Which cannot be restor'd by time nor industrie :
Of foes the spoile is cvill, far worse of constant lovers.

Yet, gentle English theeves do rob, but will not slay,
Thou English murthering theefe, wilt have harts for thy pray :
The name of murtherer now on thy faire forehead sitteth,
And even while I do speake, my death wounds bleeding be,
Which, I protest, proceed from only cruell thee :
Who may, and will not save, murder in truth committeth.

But murder, private fault, seemes but a toy to thee :
I lay then to thy charge unjustest tyrannie,
If rule, by force, without all claime, a tyran showeth ;
For thou doest lord my heart, who am not borne thy slave,
And, which is worse, makes me, most guiltlesse, torments have :
A rightfull prince by unright deeds a tyran groweth.

Lo, you grow proud with this, for tyrans make folke bow :
(Of foule rebellion then I do appeach thee now,
Rebell by Nature's law, rebell by law of reason :
Thou, sweetest subject, wert borne in the realme of Love,
And yet against thy prince thy force dost dayly prove :
 vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of treason.

But valiant rebels oft in fooles' mouthes purchase fame :
I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame,
Both rebell to the sonne and vagrant from the mother ;
For wearing Venus' badge in every part of thee,
Unto Dianae's traine thou, runaway, didst flie :
Who faileth one is false, though trusty to another.

What, is not this enough ! nay, farre worse cometh here ;
A witch, I say, thou art, though thou so faire appeare ;
For, I protest, my sight never thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am chang'd, I am alive and dead,
My feete are turn'd to rootes, my hart becommeth lead :
No witchcraft is so evill as which man's mind destroyeth.

Vet witches may repent ; thou art far worse then they :
Alas that I am forst such evill of thee to say :
I say thou art a devill, though clothd in angel's shining ;
For thy face tempts my soule to leave the heav'n for thee,

And thy words of refuse do powre even hell on mee :
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are devils in true defining.

You, then, ungratefull theefe, you murdring tyran, you,
You rebell runaway, to lord and lady untrue,
You witch, you divill, alas, you still of me beloved,
You see what I can say ; mend yet your froward mind,
And such skill in my Muse, you, reconcil'd, shall find,
That all these cruell words your praises shall be proved.

SIXT SONG

O you that heare this voice,
O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choice
Deserves the former place :
Feare not to judge this bate,
For it is void of hate.

This side doth beauty take,
For that doth Musike speake ;
Fit oratours to make
The strongest judgements weake
The barre to plead their right
Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
These gentle lawyers, wage,
Like loving brothers' case,
For father's heritage ;
That each, while each contends
It selfe to other lends.

For beutie beautifies
With heavenly hew and grace
The heavenly harmonies ;
And in this faultlesse face
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmony.

Musicke more loftly swels
In speeches nobly placed ;

Beauty as farre excels,
In action aptly graced :
A friend each party draws
To countenance his cause.

Love more affected seemes
To beautie's lovely light ;
And wonder more esteemes
Of Musicke's wondrous might ;
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

Musike doth witnesse call
The care his truth to trie ;
Beauty brings to the hall
Eye-judgement of the eye :
Both in their objects such,
As no exceptions tutch.

The common sence, which might
Be arbiter of this,
To be, forsooth, upright,
To both sides partiall is ;
He layes on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laics.

Then reason, Princesse hy,
Whose throne is in the mind,
Which Musicke can in sky
And hidden beauties find,
Say whether thou wilt crowne
With limitlesse renowne ?

SEVENTH SONG

Whose senses in so evill consort their stepdame Nature laies,
That ravishing delight in them most sweete tunes do not raise ;
Or if they do delight therein, yet are so closde with wit,
As with sententious lips to set a title vaine on it ;
O let them heare these sacred tunes, and learne in wonder's schooles,
To be, in things past bounds of wit, fooles — if they be not fooles.

Who have so leaden eyes, as not to see sweet beautie's show,
Or, seeing, have so wodden wits, as not that worth to know,
O, knowing, have so muddy minds, as not to be in love,
Or, loving, have so frothy thoughts, as easily thence to move ;
O let them see these heavenly beames, and in faire letters reede
A lesson fit, both sight and skill, love and firme love to breede.

Heare then, but then with wonder heare ; see, but adoring, see ;
No mortall gifts, no earthly fruites, now here descended be :
See, do you see this face? a face nay, image of the skies,
Of which, the two life-giving lights are figured in her eyes :
Heare you this soule-invading voice, and count it but a voice?
The very essence of their tunes, when angels do rejoyce.

EIGHTH SONG

In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton musicke made,
May, then yong, his pide weedes showing,
New-perfumed with flowers fresh growing :

Astrophel with Stella sweete
Did for mutual comfort meete,
Both within themselves oppress'd,
But each in the other blessed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare ;
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish :

Wept they had, alas the while,
But now teares themselves did smile,
While their eyes, by love directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did ; but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mixt ;
With arms crost, yet testifying
Restlesse rest, and living dying.

Their eares hungry of each word
Which the deere tongue would afford ;
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not speake
Love it selfe did silence breake ;
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speake in love and wonder.

Stella, soveraigne of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy ;
Stella, starre of heavenly fier,
Stella, loadstar of desier ;

Stella, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of Cupid's skies,
Whose beames, where they once are darted
Love therewith is streight imparted ;

Stella, whose voice, when it speakes,
Senses all asunder breakes ;
Stella, whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth ;

Stella, in whose beauty is
Writ each character of blisse ;
Whose face all, all beauty passeth
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth,

Graunt, O graunt ; but speech, alas
Failes me, fearing on to passe :
Graunt — O me, what am I saying
But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt — O deere, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay) —

That, not I, but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

Never season was more fit ;
Never roome more apt for it ;
Smiling ayre allowes my reason ;
These birds sing, " Now use the season."

Thus small wind, which so sweete is,
See how it the leaves doth kisse ;
Ech tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring.

Love makes earth the water drinke,
Love to earth makes water sinke ;
And, it dumbe things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pittie ?

There his hands, in their speech, faine
Would have made tongue's language plaine ;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling.

Then she spake ; her speech was such,
As not cares, but hart did tuch :
While such-wise she love denied,
As yet love she signified.

Astrophel, sayd she, my love,
Cease, in these effects, to prove ;
Now be still, yet still beleve me,
Thy grieve more then death would grieve me.

If that any thought in me
Can tast comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joylesse, hopelesse, endlesse languish.

If those eyes you praised, be
Halfe so deare as you to me,
Let me home returne, starke blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded,

If to secret of my hart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placèd,
Be both wish and I defacèd.

If more may be sayd, I say,
All my blisse in thee I lay ;
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

Trust me, while I thee deny,
In my selfe the secret I try ;
Tyran honour doth thus use thee,
Stella's selfe might not refuse thee.

Therefore, deere, this no more move,
Least, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framèd,
I should blush when thou art namèd.

Therewithall away she went,
Leaving him to passion, rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

NINTH SONG

Go, my flocke, go, get you hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding,
Where you may have some defence
Fro the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch, in whom all wo
Can abide to keepe no measure ;
Merry flock, such one forgo,
Unto whom mirth is displeasure,
Only rich in mischief's treasure.

Yet, alas, before you go,
Heare your wofull maister's story,
Which to stones I els would show :
Sorrow only then hath glory
When 'tis excellently sory.

Stella, fiercest sheperdesse,
Fiercest, but yet fairest ever ;
Stella, whom, O heavens do blesse,
Tho against me she persever,
Tho I blisse enherit never :

Stella hath refused me !
Stella, who more love hath provèd,
In this caitife heart to be,
Then can in good cawes be movèd
Toward lambkins best belovèd.

Stella hath refusèd me !
Astrophel, that so well servèd,
In this pleasant Spring must see,
While in pride flowers be preservèd,
Himselfe onely Winter-servèd.

Why, alas, doth she then sweare
That she loveth me so dearly,
Seeing me so long to beare
Coles of love that burne so clearely,
And yet leave me helplesse meereley ?

Is that love ? forsooth, I trow,
If I saw my good dog grievèd,
And a helpe for him did know,
My love should not be beleeved,
But he were by me releevèd.

No, she hates me, wellaway,
Faining love, somewhat to please me ;
For she knows, if she display
All her hate, death soone would seaze me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then adieu, deere flocke, adieu ;
But, alas, if in your straying
Heavenly Stella meete with you,
Tell her, in your piteous blaying,
Her poore slave's unjust decaying.

TENTH SONG

O deare life, when shall it be
That mine eyes thine eyes may see,
And in them thy mind discover
Whether absence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of the lover?

Or if I me selfe find not,
After parting, ought forgot,
Nor debar'd from beautie's treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high joyes I shall dwell ;
Only thought aymes at the pleasure.

Thought, therefore, I will send thee
To take up the place for me .
Long I will not after tary,
There, unseene, thou maist be bold,
Those faire wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes ~~no~~ cary.

Thought, see thou no place forbeare,
• Enter bravely everywhere,
Seize on all to her belonging ;
But if thou wouldst garded be,
Fearing her beames, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Thinke of that most gratefull time
When thy leaping hart will climb,

In thy lips to have his ~~by~~ding,
There those roses for to kisse,
Which do breath a sugred blisse,
Opening rubies, pearles deviding.

'Thinke of my most princely power,
Which I blessed shall devower
With my greedy licorous sences,
Beauty, musicke, sweetnesse, lov^e,
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts but weake defences.

'Thinke, thinke of those dalyings,
When with dove like murmurings
With glad moning, passed anguish,
We change eyes, and hart for hart
Each to other do depart,
Joying till joy make us languish.

O my thought, my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts ~~with~~ too much thinking ;
Thinke no more, but die in me,
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my nectar drinking.

ELEVENTH SONG

“ Who is it that this darke night
Underneath my window playneth? ”
It is one who from thy sight
Being, ah, exild, disdayneth
Every other vulgar light.

“ Why, alas, and are you he?
Be not yet those fancies changèd? ”
Deere, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estrangèd,
Let my chaunge to ruine be.

“ Well, in absence this will dy;
Leave to see, and leave to wonder.”
Absence sure will helpe, if I
Can learne how my selfe to sunder
From what in my hart doth ly.

“ But time will these thoughts remove;
Time doth worke what no man knoweth.”
Time doth as the subject prove;
With time still the affection groweth
In the faithfull turtle dove.

“ What if you new beauties see,
Will not they stir new affection? ”
I will thinke they pictures be,
(Image like, of saints' perfection)
Poorely counterfeting thee.

“ But your reason’s purest light
Bids you leave such minds to nourish.”
Deere, do reason no such spite ;
Never doth thy beauty flourish
More then in my reason’s sight.

“ But the wrongs love beares will make
Love at length leave undertaking.”
No, the more fooles it do shake,
In a ground of so firme making
Deeper still they drive the stake.

“ Peace, I thinke that some give eare ;
Come no more, least I get anger.”
Blisse, I will my blisse forbear ;
Fearing, sweete, you to endanger ;
But my soule shall harbour there.

“ Well, be gone ; be gone, I say,
Lest that Argus’ eyes perceiue you.”
O unjust fortune’s sway,
Which can make ~~me~~ thus to leave you ;
And from lowts to run away.

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